

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

NO. 8.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
5:56 A. M. Daily.  
7:39 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).  
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).  
8:15 A. M. Daily.  
10:16 A. M. Daily.  
12:47 P. M. Daily.  
4:33 P. M. Daily.  
7:10 P. M. Daily.  
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

**SOUTH.**

7:20 A. M. Daily.  
8:44 A. M. Daily.  
11:16 A. M. Daily.  
12:55 P. M. Daily.  
8:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).  
6:00 P. M. Daily.  
7:10 P. M. Daily.  
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every twenty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

### TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

### POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

### MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	9:00	3:00
" " South.....	10:00	6:45

**MAIL CLOSES.**

No. 5. South.....8:30 a. m.

No. 14. North.....9:50 a. m.

No. 13. South.....2:30 p. m.

No. 6. North.....6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

### MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

### DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Ettie M. Tilton.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

### EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Frances B. Raymond to John R. Coryell—8 2-10 acres Guadalupe Rancho.....\$10. Chas. Rizobal to Jos. Achschwander—lots 14 to 16, blk 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 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591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 890, 891, 892, 89

# THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

## ANOTHER DEAD SEA FORMING.

The Sea of Galilee Becoming Like That Which Covers the Site of Sodom.

Will there be another sea of Sodom? Lieutenant Lynch of the United States navy has established the fact, previously not known with consummate accuracy, that the depression of the Dead sea (also known as the sea of Lot and in the Scriptures as the Salt sea) is over 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while that of Lake Gennesaret is 80 feet lower than the ocean. The measurements were made 20 years ago, a long period in a semivolcanic region. Lake Gennesaret is connected with the Dead sea by the Jordan flowing through it from north to south, and engineers and scientists are satisfied that the bed of the Jordan is gradually sinking. My observations of the shores of Lake Gennesaret and those of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages indicate that the lake is continuously falling toward the bottom, while the water is becoming denser from year to year. The salt strata in its neighborhood are growing constantly, it seems, and sulphur springs are becoming frequent on the plains surrounding it. In the north and east of the lake the palm trees, some of them alive, more of them dead and barren, rise above the water at a distance of from 30 to 40 feet from shore. That they should have taken root in the water is impossible, and the supposition is that originally they stood on islands submerged with the sinking of the lake's bottom.

The catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and in the formation of the Dead sea is computed to have occurred about 1900 years before Christ. The Dead sea has puzzled scientists ever since, and many of its remarkable features have now been explained. Its depression below the level of the Mediterranean is the deepest known on earth. The bottom of Lake Gennesaret is on a much higher level at present, but if it continues to sink as it has done in the last 20 years a repetition of the events of 4,000 years ago is not improbable. As the world has not been treated to a spectacle of terrestrial evolutions on a grand scale within hundreds of years, the creation of a second Dead sea within the compass of ordinary travel would surely attract the attention of all civilized nations and at the same time help to solve many problems of a scientific nature.

Josephus, who was born in 37 B. C., reports that the water of Gennesaret was "clear as crystal, sweet and wholesome." I tried to drink of it, but found it putrid and nauseating. It left a salty taste in the mouth. I asked the fishermen, plying their trade on the lake as in Biblical days, whether the water was always unfit for drinking purposes, and received answer that it grew more and more foul every year.

This seems to indicate that the surmises as to the change of conditions in the lake are correct. The water of the Dead sea, as is well known, is entirely unfit for use by man. The stench arising from it creates a pestilential atmosphere for many miles round. I have never been able to approach the lake in summer, but the natives have informed me that about this time of the year the water, even a foot below the surface, acquires a temperature of 90 degrees. It has been observed that past midnight the temperature of the water on the surface measured in the neighborhood of 100 degrees. There is, however, one false impression in the public mind to be corrected. The Dead sea is not dead as to animal life. Hawks, partridges, frogs and pigeons are numerous upon its shores, and all sorts of crawling insects abound there. The sluggish waters, too, are covered with ducks—in fact, the fauna is the same as that inhabiting the shores of Lake Gennesaret, with this difference, however—all specimens of the animal world about the Dead sea are slate colored, while those enlivening the shores and surface of Lake Gennesaret wear their ordinary plumage and scaly dress respectively.

The Lake Gennesaret, also called the sea of Tiberias, or Galilee, is situated 65 miles north of the Dead sea. Its extreme length is 15 miles, its greatest width 6½ miles. The water is very deep even at the shores. In some spots its depth measures 160 feet, in others 750 and more. In the northeast and northwest the shores are flat and swampy. The mountains of Safed approach the lake in the north. In the west we have the hills of El-Hamma and Hattin. The volcanic plateau of Jauan commences in the east. It is distinguished for many dead craters. Its greatest height is called Hiermon, and it wears an eternal snow cap. Palms that bring forth no fruiting, papyrus plants and oleander flourish in the neighborhood of the shore. The stones at the edge of the water are literally covered with turtles, some of which grow over 1½ feet long. Ducks are plentiful in some parts. In others the pelican holds forth in large numbers.—Philadelphia Times.

## A Polyglot Telephone.

"Yes, it's the grandest place I ever saw or heard of," said Maggie to a group of her Cherry Hill friends, telling about the country residence in which she had gone to work. "It's a regular palace, electric lights and everything. And they've got the most wonderful telephone. It looks just like a common American one, but you can speak foreign languages through it. When the master's in the city and wants to talk to the mistress so that no one can't understand, they talk French or something, and they can understand every word. And you can talk American through it, too, because I heard the mistress talking to the butcher and ordering roast beef for dinner."—New York Tribune.

## FORAKER IN FRONT.

WILL BE UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

To Succeed Calvin S. Brice—Interesting Incidents in the Career of This Republican Politician—He Gets the Office Without a Fight.

**Foraker and Family.**  
Joseph Benson Foraker declared emphatically that he had gone out of politics for good when he was defeated for the Ohio Governorship in 1889, but he is again to the front, and will be the next United States Senator from the Buckeye State. Foraker is such a last fighter. It never seemed to make any difference to him, until his disastrous defeat of 1889, whether he won or lost. He went on fighting just as enthusiastically in the latter as in the former instance, and it is possible that even then he would not have given up and declared himself permanently out had it not been that politics is not a profit-



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

ble occupation, and he felt the necessity of making money while he was young enough to do so. He has been practicing law now for about six years, and it is understood that he has done very well.

Foraker is not yet 50. He was born in Rainsboro, O., in July, 1846. When he was 2 years old the family removed to a place about three miles from that village, and in the home thus established young Ben, as he was called when a boy, passed his early years. He must have been a lad of strong character, for when he was only 7 years old one Sam Newell, a neighbor of the Foraker family, predicted that "one of these days" Ben would be Governor of the State of Ohio. In 1885 this prediction came true. Two years later he was re-elected to the gubernatorial chair.

In 1889 he was renominated against his own better judgment and defeated. As he ran unsuccessfully for the office in 1883, two years before his first election, his candidacy in 1889 was the fourth. But the governorship was not the first responsible place filled by Mr. Foraker. He was admitted to the bar in 1860, when 23 years of age,

of the war, at Fort Denison, he was not 18 years of age.

Mr. Foraker in 1870 married Miss Julia Bundy, daughter of Hezekiah S. Bundy, now Congressman. And when Foraker goes to Washington he will take with him his wife, one of the most charming women who have graced the capital city in many years, and three most beautiful daughters. The latter are aged respectively 21, 19 and 16 years. Mrs. Foraker is an exceptionally intelligent woman and is very well informed. Being deeply interested in politics and well versed as to what is going on in the political world, she has been of very great assistance to her husband. Notwithstanding the interest she takes in things of a public nature, Mrs. Foraker is essentially a home woman and believes that a wife's and mother's greatest field of labor is in the bosom of her family. Mrs. Foraker has a gift for architecture and planned throughout their beautiful home on Cross Lane street, Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati. The house is always a center of attraction, for young people particularly, and there are always good music and good cheer. They are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Mrs. Foraker is active in church work.

## III-MANNERED AMERICAN TOURISTS.

In a recent number of a Mexican paper this story is told: A wealthy Mexican gentleman and his wife were living upon their hacienda, a vast plantation. Both were highly educated and living in luxury; both spoke English, French and Spanish, and had traveled extensively. From the adjacent city it was telephoned that a number of American tourists desired to come out and see the sugar mills at work. The Mexican planter had his own horsecar line; he telephoned back a hospitable invitation, and sent out special cars to bring the tourists. Thirty of them presently arrived, well-dressed, and apparently well-to-do. Without waiting to be asked, they at once entered the residence, ransacked the house, looked at the bric-a-brac, went into the kitchen, lifted the lids off the pots and pans, and indulged in such remarks as "How can these people eat such filthy messes?" They even went so far as to enter the library, where the mistress of the house was writing, and one woman remarked, "How black she is; but she has fine hair, hasn't she?" and the whole party immediately felt of her hair.

The unfortunate Mexican lady was so astonished and terrified at the time that she submitted without remonstrance to this unparalleled indignity, and did not recover from her amazement in time to be angry until the party had gone.

## UNWILLING BRIDES.

If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect



MISS JULIA B. FORAKER, AGED 19. MISS LOUISE FORAKER, AGED 19. MISS FLORENCE FORAKER, AGED 21.

and speedily built up a booming practice. In 1879 he was elected judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati and remained upon the bench until 1882, when he resigned because of ill health. It is not of record that he made enemies while a judge, but every one who reads the political news of the day knows that he made lots of them while Governor. He has a frank, outspoken way of saying things that displeases many people, and he is such a strong partisan as often to go farther in his remarks concerning those of the other

what to hope? Linked not for a day, but for life, to one with whom she has no sympathy—who is no more than a stranger, save that in law and in fact, but not in soul, he is her husband!

Is it not dreadful to contemplate? How much more so to experience! It is natural and it is proper that parents should desire that their daughters should marry well, and it is reasonable that they should prefer for them husbands in comfortable circumstances.

But when it comes to the exercise of compulsion in the selection of a husband—to commanding a daughter to relinquish an engagement or an attachment on which her whole soul is fixed, and to marry a man towards whom she feels indifference or dislike—that is a very different matter.

## Osculatory Cordiality.

A delegate to the convention of the directors of the poor and charitable spoke of his appreciation of Philadelphia hospitality by telling a story of the war. He said that when he came here on crutches, after a battle, girls sought to kiss him, but in his basphemous he warded them off. President Lawrence, says the Call of that city, explained to the convention that the reason the girls sought to kiss the Pittsburger was because the handsome men were all away from home.

## Why Men Become Bald.

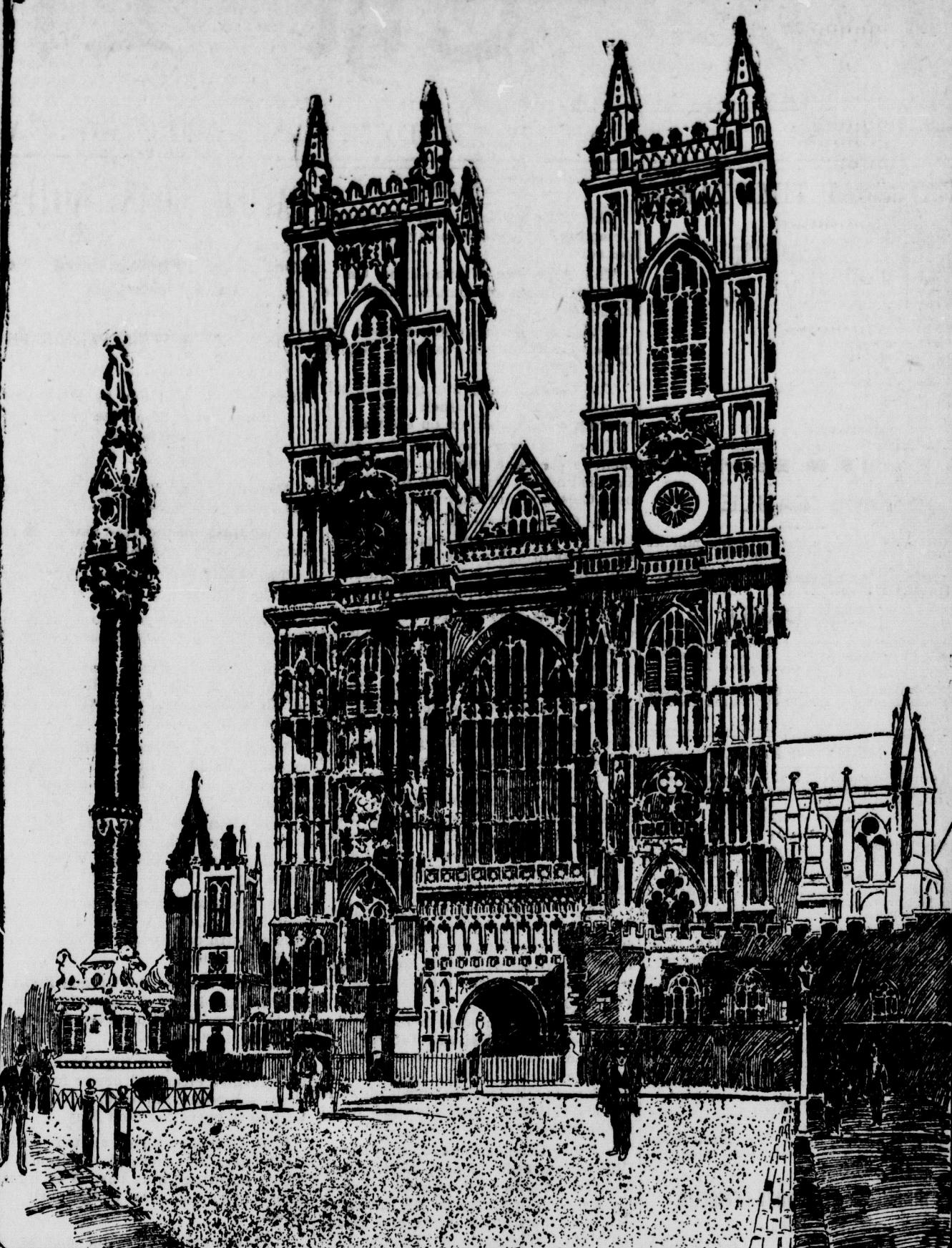
Men become bald more frequently than women because of the closeness of the hats they wear, which keeps the head too hot, induces perspiration and weakens the hair. The boys of the famous Blue Coat school in London, who never wear hats, never become bald late.

## How Pepper Grows.

The common black pepper berry grows on a climbing vine, which attains a length of from twelve to twenty feet.

Close quarters—25-cent pieces held by a miser.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY—AN HISTORIC PILE OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, that unique and historic pile of church architecture, which has challenged the admiration and excited the wonder of scholars, ecclesiastic and secular, for centuries, was built by Sebert, in the form of a chapel, in the seventh century. It was erected in honor of St. Peter on a slightly elevated spot rising from the marshy ground bordering the Thames. A church of greater proportions was erected on the spot by King Edward about the year 980. That structure being partly demolished by the Danes Edward the Confessor founded within the precincts of his palace an abbey and church in the Norman style, which was completed in 1063, and of which there now only remains the pyx

house to the south of the abbey, the substructure of the dormitory and the south side of the cloisters. The rebuilding of the church was commenced by Henry III, in 1220. At that time were erected the choir and transepts and a lady chapel, which was subsequently removed to make way for the chapel of Henry VII. The building was practically completed by Edward I, but the greater part of the nave in the transition style and various other improvements were added, down to the time of Henry VII, including the west end of the nave, the deanery, portions of the cloisters and the Jerusalem chambers. The two towers at the west end were erected by Wren. The length of the church, including Henry VII's chapel, is 511 feet, and the extreme

breadth 203 feet. The height of the nave is 102 feet and of the towers 225 feet. On approaching Victoria street from Parliament street the buttresses and pinnacles and the whole expanse of the abbey gradually open to view. The British sovereigns from Edward the Confessor, whose coronation occurred in 1042, to Victoria, 1838, have been crowned in Westminster Abbey, and many of them are buried there, some with and others without monuments. In the south transept, in and near Poet's Corner, are monuments to most of the great poets of the country, and here, as well as in both aisles of the nave and choir, are monuments to other illustrious Englishmen. The interior of the cathedral is as magnificent as the outside is imposing.

## NATURE'S WORK OF ART.

### The Face of Washington Carved in Living Rock.

Carved by nature in the rough stone of Marblehead Neck, the calm face of George Washington gazes out over the waste of waters. In this quiet, secluded corner of Massachusetts this remarkable monument remained for ages



WASHINGTON PROFILE AT MARBLEHEAD.

undiscovered until Albert Chapman, of Marblehead, cropped the bushes and weeds which grew about its base in rank luxuriance, disclosing the stone features which bear a most striking resemblance to the Father of his Country. Some call it the "Old Man of the Sea," but the majority of Marblehead citizens trace in its lines and curves a counterpart of the loved face of the first president.

The face is formed by three rocks,

one forming the forehead, one the chin

and the other the nose. The face rests

upon a slightly elevated knoll, at an

angle, as if the great general in effigy

were taking his repose and languidly

gazing out to sea. The George Wash-

ington stone will henceforth be one of

the many objects of patriotic pilgrim-

age on the coast of the Bay State.—New

York Press.

## Let It Alone.

There is a story told of a very eminent lawyer, now no longer with us, who once, while endeavoring to dissuade a friend of mine from going to law, was asked what he would himself consider a sufficient ground for resorting to litigation.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I do not say that under no conceivable circumstances would I take proceedings against anyone, but I do say that if at this moment you deliberately upset my ink on the tablecloth, chucked my wife out of the window, threw that volume of reports at the bust of Blackstone, 'made hay' with my furniture, and finally tweaked my nose, I should no doubt use my best endeavors to kick you down stairs; but, once rid of you,

either by force or persuasion, no power on earth should induce me to bring an action against you."

## A STRANGE FISH.

Caught by the Crew of the Albatross at a Depth of Two Miles.

United States Fish Commissioner N. B. Miller, in charge of the ship Albatross, says in regard to the strange fish captured on the last cruise:

"The queer fish that we got, the like of which has never been seen before, was twenty-six inches long and weighed between eight and nine pounds. It was taken at a point about 100 miles southwest of the Pribilof Islands, at a depth of 1,700 fathoms. It resembled the fish known as the macrurus, but still was essentially different from anything before discovered. Its head was peculiarly flat in appearance; its eyes very large, and its tail dwindling to a point and being curled in action something like that of a snake."

A TURKISH LADY OF RANK—THE ORIGINAL BLOOMER GIRL.



THE PISCATORIAL WONDER.

out of its mouth, and its eyes were puffed out. It could not live in the upper waters. In its native depths the darkness was so dense that no other fish could see anything. It was also as cold as in the Arctic regions.



—From the Monthly Illustrator.



MRS. FORAKER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## THE AUTUMN OF HOPE.

Where are the flowers gone? Dead and bare,  
They are only the ghosts of their former

lives.

Not so, for the roots and seeds are there,  
Kept safe and sure till the spring arrives.

Where are the birds gone? Not to die,  
But south to a warmer, sunnier clime,  
Where they soar and sing in a tropical sky  
Till they follow back our next springtime.

Where are our hopes gone? Blasted and dead,  
Have we wept o'er their graves as the false  
and the vain?

Then learn from nature this truth instead—  
Like the birds and flowers, they shall live  
again.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## THE FRESHMAN.

The sophomore stood at the window beside the big door at the end of the hall, his hat tipped far back from his forehead and his hands deep in his pockets, looking out at the green campus. Before the door the broad tar walks, marked with countless boot holes, stretched away like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, and across them the tall trees threw deep shadows. Behind him the hall ran back until it ended in another big door with another dusty paneled window on each side of it. Its walls were whitewashed and marked and its floor worn into uneven hollows by the passing feet of vanished classes. It was almost empty. A few homesick looking individuals sat on the radiators, drumming their feet against the iron latticework of the sides, or examining the bulletin board, on which the notices of last year's final examinations were still posted. Twenty-four hours later the hall would be noisy with greetings and a very valley of the shadow for embarrassed freshmen, but at present its only occupants were a few early stragglers, who had reached town before the opening of the semester.

For a month the sophomore had been longing for a sight of the familiar campus, but now that the longing was satisfied its place had been taken by a distaste for approaching work. Moreover, the only old acquaintance he had come across was the short, red faced keeper of a cigar store, and as a conversationalist "Rosy" was a failure. The combination of dread and solitude had brought him to a realization of the fact that the dullness of a college town during the vacation was no chimera, but a stony fact, which long before his time had driven unfortunates to drink and proflanity.

One of the figures near the farther door slipped down from the seat on the radiator and came slowly through the hall, stepping softly and seeming to fear the hollow echoes in which the walls shouted back the sound of footsteps. By this sign the sophomore knew him for the freshman that he was. He remembered the time when the walls of the old building had seemed to cry, "Fresh! Fresh!" at him. The freshman stopped at the sophomore's elbow.

"Can you tell me where I can find out about the entrance examinations in mathematics?" he asked, with the usual freshman manner, which becomes familiar to those who see much of the species—not hesitatingly, nor yet diffidently, but at one who has the fear of being laughed at always before him, and with much the same expression on his face as comes when, before a group of unkind critics, he tries to open one of the big doors of the hall the wrong way.

The sophomore did not turn his head. "Entrance Math. Exam.?" he said. "K. Top floor."

The freshman looked at the nearest door and saw a big black letter painted on it. "Room K?" he asked.

The sophomore did not answer him, and the freshman turned away. The sophomore listened to his footsteps as they sounded down the hall and creaked on the worn stairs. Then he heard them returning.

"Did you say room K?" asked the freshman.

The sophomore nodded without looking at him.

"It's locked," said the freshman. "Are you sure it's the right room?"

"I don't know anything about it," said the sophomore calmly. "I lied."

He turned toward the freshman without the sign of a smile on his face, and as he did so his eye fell on a slender, smooth faced young man who occupied the window on the other side of the door.

"There's some one who can tell you," he said.

Then an ominous twitching came over the corners of his mouth.

"At least he looks like a freshman," he added carelessly.

The freshman turned to this new source of information.

"Can you tell me where I can find out about the entrance examinations in mathematics?" he asked.

"They take place at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning in room M," said the young man.

The freshman sat down on the window sill beside the stranger.

"Are you going up to them?" he asked.

"Yes; I'll be there," said the young man, with some surprise.

The sophomore at the other window smiled gently.

"I rather thought that we belonged to the same class," said the freshman.

The sophomore tipped his hat down over his eyes and sat down suddenly on the sill of the window by which he stood. From the corner of his eye he watched to see how the young man would take this remark. The surprise on the face of the stranger became open amazement. Then the amazement evaporated and its place was taken by a look of amusement, which wrinkled the skin at the corners of his eyes and twitched the corners of his mouth.

"I'm glad to meet some one who has just come here," said the freshman. "It seemed as though every one but myself knew exactly what to do and where to find everything. Where are you from?"

"I live here in town," said the young man.

The freshman turned and looked out of the window. The sophomore crossed the hall, and behind the freshman's back raised his hat to the young man, who nodded and smiled amusedly.

"Then I suppose you do know all about it," said the freshman reflectively.

"He's doing his best to learn," said the sophomore.

Conductor—Yes. He's riding on a pass!—Chicago Record.

"Are the examinations hard?" asked the freshman.

## THE FASHION PLATE.

The smart white mohair gowns of the summer serve admirably as demisaison dinner toilets.

New belts are of soft, gay plaid silk, knotted under a metal clasp at one side, and are suggestively named toreador.

Framboise or raspberry red is a color that will be much seen in millinery, felt bonnets and hats being shown of this tint.

Wide effects continue in millinery. The early autumn hats look very much overloaded in their abundance of ostrich plumes, wide ribbons and elaborate ornaments.

All browns with a reddish tinge are in especial favor for the coming cool season, though no wardrobe will be complete without one good black gown for the street.

The pretty fuchsias of the summer in gauze muslin and chiffon are to be continued for autumn wear in heavier materials. They are of the regulation Marie Antoinette cut and are trimmed with lace or ruffles.

The women who come back to town with black mohair gowns lined with colored silk to match the bodice worn with them need only a small, full cape of black velvet, trimmed with jet vandykes, to have handsome early autumn tootsies.

Although the skirts of gowns remain plain for the most part, and the godet skirt is still the fashionable one, frills are seen on some of the imported gowns. The road back to trimmed skirts undoubtedly lies by way of flounces.

### The First Tooth.

Young mothers, watching eagerly for the "first tooth," should remember the average baby does not cut any teeth until the end of the sixth or seventh month. The teeth which usually make their appearance first are the two in the center of the lower jaw. The corresponding ones in the upper jaw follow two or three weeks later. Baby is a year old, as a rule, before the first double teeth appear and reaches the ripe age of 18 to 20 months before the difficult eye-teeth come. As soon as all of a child's teeth have appeared they should be brushed daily with a small soft brush.

### Polish For Shells.

Shells frequently lose a good deal of their natural polished appearance when they are kept in the house as ornaments, for of course they are not exposed to the air and get dry in a way that cannot happen when they are lying on the seashore. To remedy this, and to give them a more lustrous appearance, they should be brushed over with the white of an egg, or with water in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved. When dry, they may be polished with a leather.

### He Explained.

"You don't come to church very often now," said Rev. Dr. Thirdly in a tone of reproach to Mr. Bloomfield.

"No, doctor. The fact is, your sermons are too short."

"That's an odd complaint. I never heard that before."

"Well, you see, I hardly got to sleep comfortably before I am awakened by the singing of the next hymn."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Harriet Hosmer.

Harriet Hosmer was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1830. Her mother and sister died of consumption, and this led to an outdoor life, in which she soon showed her genius by modeling horses, dogs and other forms in clay. In 1851 she executed her first important work, an ideal head of Hesper. Her work has brought her riches as well as fame. Besides a talent for sculpture she has shown herself a gifted writer. Perhaps her most important recent work is the statue of Queen Isabella prepared for the Columbian exposition.

### INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particular free showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Patterson & Co., Omaha Building, Chicago.

The freshman studied the matter quietly for a moment.

"I believe I'll do it," he said at last.

"I would," laughed the sophomore.

The young man rose, looked at his watch, and, nodding to his companions, opened the door and went out. Through the window the sophomore watched him as he went down the walk until he disappeared behind a corner of one of the buildings.

"He's a good fellow," he said half to himself.

Then he turned and went up the hall, leaving the freshman by the window. At the farther end of the hall he paused and came slowly back.

"Out of the kindness of my heart I've come back," he said. "I'm too good for earth or I would never have done it. I ought to let you go on and make an ask of yourself—it seems to be your forte—but I guess you've done enough in that line."

The freshman looked up in surprise.

"Don't get a pony ready," said the sophomore. "You'll not need it."

This sudden change of front was too much for the freshman.

"Why not?" he asked.

"That was the man who'll give you the exam. tomorrow," said the sophomore.

The freshman sank weakly back on the window sill and flushed a fiery red. The sophomore stood looking out of the window. Then he delivered himself of a remarkable statement.

"Some of them," he said reflectively—meaning by "them" instructors in general—"some of them—the young ones—before they get into a rut, are just like other folks."—Chicago Tribune.

### Injured Innocence.

"Bobby," said the teacher in a Boston school, "I am surprised at you! You are usually so studious, and here you are drawing horrid, idle pictures on your slate."

"I beg your pardon, miss," replied the youth, with the hauteur of misunderstanding genius, "but you are laboring under a misapprehension. This is not a horrid, idle picture. It is a design for a magazine cover."—Washington Star.

### They All Do It.

Passenger—That fellow back there is raising a great row because he has to stand.

Conductor—Yes. He's riding on a pass!—Chicago Record.

"Are the examinations hard?" asked the freshman.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

### An Elixir of Life.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from consumption, or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and post-office address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured hundreds of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and so proof-positive of its beneficial results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assail the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing the heart to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is another reason to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climates, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

During the past fall there have been killed on the Fraser range near Pyramid Lake, in Nevada, 400 head of horses. Their hides, tails, and manes are disposed of at the rate of \$2 per animal, and the carcass is left to decay.

The rain storm in the mountains was a fine thing for the mines. Many of them had been shut down because of a scarcity of water. In the vicinity of Angels and at Sonora several mines started up at once and business immediately began to revive.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of J. C. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that he will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Swooned before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the body and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is the postmaster who writes a voluminous letter who weighs his words.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! THAT DREADFUL CRY

It is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling element in flames. The people are in a panic, and everything but health. Nine tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in palpable jeopardy. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint, la grippe, inaction of the kidneys and bladder and malaria are all counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

A sugar cured "ham"—poor actor made well by homeopathic pills.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

The yeast cake and the negroes' favorite weapon are both raters.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

"COLTON GAS," which has an established and unrivaled world-wide reputation for its purity and efficacy in the positively painless extraction of teeth, still maintains its superiority as the safest of all anesthetics; over 50,000 references; endorsed by all reputable physicians and dentists. We also perform all operations in dentistry with the application of ether, chloroform and modern methods. Office—Rooms 6-8-10 Pheasant Building, 806 Market St., San Francisco. Colton Dental Association.

A "low descending sun"—one that treats his father disrespectfully.

A "low descending sun"—one that treats his father disrespectfully.

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# THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal. as  
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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Six Months, " ..... 1.25  
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**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

1895.

Notwithstanding the general depression prevailing in the country at large, we can review the advance made by this young city during the past year with pride and satisfaction. An important feature of the year's progress has been the location at our water-front of the extensive terra cotta and pipe works of A. Steiger Sons, completely equipped and in successful operation with the latest and most improved machinery and appliances, representing not only a large investment of capital, but the employment already of some forty operators and skilled artisans.

The year has also added to our town a number of handsome residences and artistic cottages, besides substantial improvements in hotels and other buildings. The increase of population has been marked and the growth of trade steady. The confidence of our citizens and property owners has been increased and strengthened. There are no idlers on our streets, and the voice of the croaker is not heard within our border. In bidding farewell to 1895 we can point to the good it has brought us, and promise ourselves, as we wish all our neighbors of this good county of San Mateo, a "Very Happy New Year."

Whilst Game Warden McKenzie of Santa Clara county and the delegates from San Mateo county are planning to stock San Mateo and Santa Clara counties with song birds, what is the matter with making an effort to preserve the few song birds we now have.

Every Sunday and, in fact, every day, pot hunters from San Francisco and San Jose visit different parts of the counties and kill by the score our song birds, our meadow larks, robins, black birds, etc.; in fact, any feathered bird that commands a price in the numerous French restaurants in the cities. Last Sunday by actual count, there were thirty-seven hunters from San Francisco in the marsh and fields belonging to the Land company shooting small birds. Numerous signs forbid shooting in these localities, but unless the officers of the law act they amount to nothing. It is an outrage and a shame to see this wanton destruction of our song birds. The evil is growing to such proportions that immediate steps should be taken to suppress it. Won't the press of our county and the proper officers take hold of this matter and save our song birds?

Let every workingman of family begin the new year by beginning the best of all good works, the work of providing a home for himself and family.

Let him begin the work by setting apart on each and every pay day a certain proportion of his wages for this purpose, and when he has saved enough to pay the first installment on a lot, let him secure the ground.

Having thus dropped anchor by attaching himself to the soil, he will soon find himself in a safe harbor.

Fixed habits of industry and economy will imperceptibly grow upon him. In a short time he will own the title to his land in fee simple, and with his deed as a basis of credit, can command the means to rear the domicile and intrench himself in the castle of home, the poor man's strong fortress in time of need.

## PUT STOCK IN THE HERD.

When the first move was made towards the enforcement of the pound law, some of our citizens protested on the ground that it would prevent the poor man with one cow from pasturing, where pasture was abundant.

The easy conditions by which citizens are allowed to stake out or herd their stock removes this ground of objection.

As a matter of fact, it is better for the owner to have stock in charge of a competent herder than to allow them to range at will, as there will be no danger of loss from estranging, nor loss of time in chasing and hunting up

scattered stock in the evening, or when needed, if in care of a herder.

This town of ours is, and will always be, an industrial town, a town supported and maintained by the army of sturdy workingmen who find employment in its busy factories and shops.

Its permanent progress and prosperity does not depend especially upon the great millionaire capitalists who founded it, but will be measured by the average prosperity of all its inhabitants.

We urge workingmen to acquire and own their own homes, not alone for the reason that the acquisition of a home is of itself a boon and blessing to him, but for the further reason that the ownership of homes by its people will be a guarantee of the prosperity of our town.

We regret to have to call attention to the fact that some of our citizens still continue to turn their stock loose at night. Under the easy and liberal conditions made by our poundmaster, whereby stock may be staked out or herded, there is no sort of reasonable excuse for this practice.

A large majority of our townspeople are engaged in planting trees and otherwise improving and beautifying their homes, and should be not only encouraged therein, but protected in their rights against these marauding and trespassing animals, which may in one night, perchance, destroy the result of months of care and labor.

We still await the advent of the church steeple in this Christian town, and we still have faith in the willingness of our good citizens to aid any Christian organization in building a house of worship. The unanimity and promptitude exhibited by our people in providing a \$10,000 school house, in the first year of our existence as a town, is sufficient guarantee that they will be found ready and willing to aid in church building when called upon.

The English newspapers are very interesting reading just now. They voice a sentiment scarcely in keeping with the parental character Great Britain bears towards her American offspring.

Several candidates for Supervisor of the First Township are already in the field examining the soil with reference to a fall crop.

## HE INSURES THE HONOR.

There's a Man in the Cafeteria Who  
Keeps Customers Honest.

Once in awhile a man who lunches at a cafeteria is embarrassed by the inquiry from the cashier:

"What did you have?"

He has laid down a 15 cent check perhaps, when he should have taken his little cardboard from the 20 cent pigeonhole.

As soon as he enumerates the items on his bill of fare he sees his mistake, gets rather red in the face, pays what he owes and walks out. In many cases a man who has had an experience of this sort doesn't come back again. He imagines possibly that the lady at the desk will think of the inaccuracy in his accounts whenever he presents himself and either patronizes some other luncheon run on the "help yourself" plan or else goes to a restaurant where the responsibilities for all discrepancies must fall on the waiter.

It might be supposed that, rather than lose a good customer, the manager of a cafeteria would let an occasional mistake of a nickel go unnoticed, because in most cases the mistake is genuine. He doesn't take that view of it, however. In order to give the best service for the money, to always have well cooked eatables set out on attractive dishes without nicks in them and keep an array of pies on the sideboard that are not shelf worn, he must watch customers very closely. A nickel means a quarter of a pie or a plate of rolls gone without any return. Then there is the moral effect on all patrons of the establishment of publicly pointing to an occasional error in this way. The average Chicago man, absorbed in the business which he brings in with him from the street, is not unlikely to overlook his second cup of coffee or his special excursion to the sideboard, but after having had the disconcerting results of such absentmindedness brought to his attention, he is apt to audit his accounts with more care.

It might seem decidedly difficult at first blush for one man in a cafeteria of ordinary dimensions to keep a mental record of the exact volume of food consumed by each of his patrons, but he soon acquires the faculty by practice. It is a little different development of the hotel clerk's skill in seeing that there are no unregistered guests at table. The floorwalker at the cafeteria, in an apparently casual circuit of the room, gets a mental photograph of the dishes before each man, and so associates this picture with the man that, when the latter comes up to pay, he can tell instantly whether his bill is correct or not. If it is not, he nods to the cashier, and she asks for an accounting.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Vinegar Cider.

The cider used for vinegar comes almost entirely from Michigan, Ohio and New York, enough being secured every fall to last a whole year. The barrels are corded up in endless rows—a whole, great room filled full, with only little alleyways piercing it—and allowed to stand until the cider is quite hard enough to make an old cider drinker dizzy headed. When at last it has sufficiently fermented, it is run over the shavings in the generator and becomes a light brown cider vinegar. It is now run into old whisky barrels and allowed to stand as long as possible. The whisky barrels assist greatly in the ripening process, which so much improves vinegar. Only a few firms in the country have this method of making their product more palatable.—

Tacoma's anti-Chinese agitation still promises serious trouble. The Chamber of Commerce, to which Mr. Riggs, the employer of Chinese servants, referred the issue, will decide that he has a right to employ the Mongolians, and the anti-Chinese committee is about to take action.

## MONTGOMERY BAGGS

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The Best in the City.

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in connection with the  
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reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

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PROPRIETOR.

## THE COURT.

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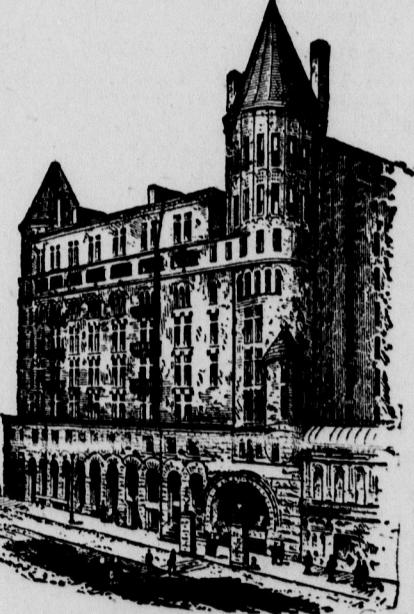
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## THE CALIFORNIA

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## THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

## Strictly First-Class

### European Plan

### Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

## THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. ..... \$1.00  
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. ..... 75 cts.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## LOCAL NOTES.

A "Happy New Year" to all our readers.

Join the Spruce avenue tree planting brigade.

Christmas was a perfect day and perfectly enjoyed.

Ranch-keeper Wells spent Christmas day in Oakland.

Many of our people celebrated Christmas in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Howe spent Christmas day in the city.

Tim Jorgenson was out on Christmas day with his neat turnout.

Mr. S. L. Akins left on one of his regular trips last Wednesday.

Frank Miner returns from his Christmas vacation next Monday.

Remember the turkey raffle at Kneese's on next Monday evening.

The house occupied by A. McLennan on Grand, has been freshly painted.

Louis Holscher has rented one of his houses to a newly arrived family.

W. J. Martin and family attended a theater party in the city Christmas day.

Mr. James Kerr, overseer at the Spring Valley Lakes, was in town last Tuesday.

The Modern Laundry does excellent work. Its wagon will call at your door for orders.

Grand turkey raffle at Kneese's, Monday evening next, December 30th.

Henry Michenfelder's bowling alley has been a popular resort during the holidays.

J. Eikenkotter is doing a big holiday trade. He keeps a large stock and sells cheap.

The tree planting brigade will name an early day for planting trees on Spruce avenue.

George Kneese's delivery wagon has been rushed delivering goods during holiday season.

Frank Sanchez's meat market, in the Foley building, on Miller avenue, is the place for choice meats.

Work on the new smoke houses of the Western Meat Co., at the city market, is progressing rapidly.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

Remember it will cost you less in the long run to trade at home than it does to trade in the city.

H. L. Kofoed has planted a row of very fine and thrifty looking trees along his lot line the past week.

The turkey shooting match, at San Bruno, on the 23d, drew a good crowd and was a success in every respect.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Vanderbos came down to see old friends and enjoy merry Christmas on Wednesday.

The Chinaman who tried to palm off "old skates" of cattle at the abattoir found that his little game would not work.

The dance given by the Hop de Mool ootie, on Saturday evening, was well attended, and proved a pleasant and enjoyable affair.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

The ladies of Grace Mission have been very busy during the last week dressing dolls for the Sunday-school Christmas tree.

M. F. Healy has joined the tree-planting brigade and adorned his premises on Linden avenue with a fine row of beautiful trees.

Curt Riley has gone home to Berkeley, across the bay, to spend the holidays. The boys all wish Curt a "Happy New Year."

W. A. Grannell and son are kept very busy nowadays repairing boots and shoes. They are good artisans and hold their customers.

Mrs. Rachel McCrimmin, of Oakland, who has been a guest at the Baden Hotel the past month, left for home on Friday.

C. A. Thrusie, who has been absent one year, returned on Saturday last and will go to work again for the Western Meat Company.

The interior of Tom Benner's place, "The Court," has been materially improved by a coat of fresh varnish applied by Artist J. L. Wood.

Billy Neff is one of the main stays in the matter of maintaining a town border for cows. His head is level on this, as on most questions.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

The reading-room and night school propositions have not materialized as yet. We may have better luck after the holidays are over.

A brother of Laurence Maney has been lying sick and at the point of death for some days, at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco.

C. H. Farnum has returned with his wife after an absence of some months, and will re-enter the employment of the Western Meat Company.

Engineer L. Greenebaum, who has been quite ill for the past week at his home in the city, we are glad to learn is very much better.

Poundmaster James Howe made a night raid on stock last Thursday. Mr. Howe says he will make a raid every night if necessary.

Castalia Silva has leased from the San Francisco Land and Improvement Company several hundred acres of land on the old Mission Road.

Father Cooper celebrated mass on Christmas morning, at 6 o'clock, at Court Room Hall, on Cypress avenue. The altar was tastefully decorated and

the room well filled by a devout and attentive audience.

Ed Daniel has opened a meat market in Colma. He will also continue to run his market on Grand avenue. Ed's meats are always of the best quality.

Mr. John Schirck kindly furnished the Christmas tree, which will be filled with good things for the little ones tonight, at Grace Mission Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath, together with Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sneath, spent Christmas day in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham.

The elegant home of Mr. George R. Sneath has been entirely remodeled and refurbished, and Mr. and Mrs. Sneath are now at home to their friends.

No hotel in Baden is more popular or more heavily patronized than the Linden. Proprietor James F. Horn deserves the success he is making in our town.

Peter Dann, who has been employed the past three months at the new Ingleside race track, came home and spent his Christmas holiday with his family.

The law requiring a license to peddle should be strictly enforced. The peddler is a pest on general principles. He takes money out of, and seldom leaves a nickel in the town.

M. F. Healy reports business in his line lively. He has from necessity increased his team from two to four horses, and is kept busy filling orders for coal, wood, hay and grain.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

Misses Barnum and Kneese, the diligent collectors for the Grace Mission Sunday-school Christmas tree, were entirely successful in their quest. The tree itself will tell the story to-night in the church hall.

Tramps are comparatively a scarce article in South San Francisco, thanks to our efficient deputy constable, Fred Diserollo. Fred is a thorough investigator and makes every suspicious looking stranger show his hand.

On Saturday last the engine used by Contractor Broderick at the side track in hauling load to Golden Gate Park, ran off the track and was ditched. The ditched engine was at once re-placed by another.

Mrs. Alice Neff received from her husband, W. T. Neff, on Christmas day, a handsome remembrance in the form of an elegant set of diamonds, consisting of a pair of earrings, with three stones each, a lace pin with six stones, a solitaire finger ring and a beautiful breastpin, containing a large oval and six diamonds.

Foreclosure proceedings for \$10,000, have been commenced by C. Silva against Descalzo brothers on the piece of land known as Baden townsite. This land comprised about sixty-eight acres of land lying just south of Baden station and east of the Mission Road. The land is quite valuable and was originally purchased some four years ago by Mr. Descalzo for \$25,000.

Little "Arto" Driese is having quite a serious time. Nearly six weeks ago he stepped on a rusty nail inflicting a bad wound on the sole of his left foot. The injured member became very much inflamed and resulted in an abscess on the top of the foot, making a wound extending entirely through from the sole. Little Arto has been confined in bed over five weeks.

Ten cents may get you a fine New Year's turkey next Monday evening at Kneese's.

The Grand Jury last week summoned the officers of the San Mateo Electric Railroad to appear before them to explain why they had imposed a fare on the public from Holy Cross Cemetery to Baden and also to explain why they were not operating their cars regularly to Baden according to the terms of their franchise. The Grand Jury meet again in January when this whole matter will be thoroughly investigated.

A New Year's Eve party will be given at the Baden Hotel. That it will prove a most pleasant and enjoyable affair, goes without saying, as all who are familiar with the management at the Baden, know. There will be a joyous and happy throng there to speed the old and welcome the new year. It cannot be otherwise "Where youth and beauty meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Mr. Thomas Benner, of "The Court," is local agent of the Azule Mineral Spring Water, an excellent and genuine California mineral water, from the Azule Mineral Springs, situated in the Santa Cruz Mountains, about twelve miles from San Jose. This office received a half dozen bottles from Mr. Benner, and we can speak from a personal knowledge of the good quality of this water.

## PRESS NOTES.

### DUTY ON WOOL DEMANDED.

At a meeting of the National Wool Growers' Association, held in Washington, congress was memorialized for a wool tariff higher than that in the McKinley bill. It was stated that since that act in 1890 the prices of wool had declined in the markets of the world some four per cent and therefore greater protection is necessary.

It also charges that through a provision of the 1890 act known as the "skirting clause" the manufacturers far succeeded in defeating the intent of the act as practically to lower the duty of 11 cents to 6 cents on Ohio washed, and the duty of 33 cents on scoured Merino to 13½ cents. It is also set forth that 26,000,000 pounds

of China wool, competing with fine and medium wool, was imported last year at a price little over 5 cents per pound. The memorial asks for a duty on Merino wools and wools of the mutton breeds of 12 cents per pound on unwashed, double on washed and triple on scoured, thus making but one class of these two kinds of wool. It also asks for a duty of 8 cents per pound on third class wools, without reference to valuation.—Southwestern Stockman Farmer and Feeder, Phoenix, Arizona.

### IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Monday morning, Pablo Gonzales, who robbed Russell Rand of San Mateo, was sentenced by Judge Buck to serve seven years at Folsom.

Alfred Kinnell, who committed the crime of stealing an overcoat from the depot was sent to San Quentin for a term of ten years.

Victor Wilson appeared with his attorney in court Thursday morning and pleaded guilty. The Judge took the case under advisement for two weeks to give the District Attorney an opportunity to look up the accused's career.

Thursday was the day set for M. Barsanti, who is charged with an assault on a fellow-countryman near Colma last August to plead. He did not appear and the Court ordered the clerk to notify his bondsmen to produce said Barsanti Thursday, December 26th.

Owing to the illness of A. J. Thatcher the case of Charles Meyer, the vitriol thrower, went over until today.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

### IT SHOULD PASS.

Congressman Grout, of Vermont, has introduced a bill in the House providing for the election of all fourth-class Postmasters by a majority vote of those who receive mail matter at such an office, and the Postmaster General shall appoint only those who are so elected.

This is a good bill and should pass. Many a man has been appointed a Postmaster who could never get the endorsement of his fellow citizens at the polls. Mr. Grout might go a little further into the postal business and provide that all mail contracts, aside from railroad and steamship contracts, shall be let to contractors who live in the State and in the district wherein the mail is to be carried.

As the law now stands contracts are let to professional contractors living in States far distant from where the mails are to be carried and of which they know nothing in regard to the routes, and they take them at figures that will not insure proper service.—Bridgeport Chronicle Union.

"Are you annoyed with rats or mice? Then if you are, here is a sure and simple plan to kill them off in one night. Place in a corner where the animals are sure to come across it some wheat or oat meal, and keep it there until you find the animals eat it; then renew the meal (the same quantity each night) for a week. They will gradually increase coming for the meal.

Now for the last mess: Procure some plaster of Paris (it must be fresh, dry and good) and mix an equal quantity with the meal, and the varmints will take their last food. After a short time the plaster will give excessive pains, then great thirst, and a drink of water kills them at once. Even if a dead rat is eaten by a cat or dog it will not poison them. This is a sure and cheap shot.—Middleton Independent.

The people will sustain the Town Trustees in their contemplated action looking to the protection of our local merchants against the ruinous competition of peddlers and hawkers. The latter come into town and remain only long enough to visit each house, when they depart without leaving a dollar behind them, while our home business men pay licenses and taxes to support the municipality and are entitled to be protected against unscrupulous outsiders who have no interests here.—Redwood City Democrat.

### BEASTS AS MIND READERS.

Survival of the Lost Sixth Sense Common to Animals and Men.

"Do you think animals communicate together?" was asked of Hagenbeck, the lion tamer.

"They put their heads close together and seem to have a sort of sign language. They express such simple thoughts as 'I'm tired,' 'Get out of the way,' 'Stand back,' 'Are you well?' quite plainly to my observer among each other.

"The language of animals seems quite plain to me," continued the famous lion tamer earnestly. "Men have a considerable ability to communicate facial expression and gesture, but school themselves to repress these natural expressions of rage, fear or friendship and say by oral language what their wisdom dictates, often quite opposite of what they feel."

"Animals on the other hand, are too simple to make believe, and this gift, which men misuse, is their regular mode of communication. Notice how quickly a dog scents rage or sorrow in his master's face. We can't see the expression of a lion's face except of rage, but his companions can."

"I have also thought that animals have the gift of thought reading instead of power to speak. Did you ever see one animal fail to understand another? I never saw such an instance. The range of their thoughts is limited. I do not think they can read men's thoughts except very imperfectly, because they are so extensive and complex beyond their comprehension. I am inclined to think that what we call mind reading is mere survival here and there of the lost sixth sense which was probably common to primitive man, and which animals possess to this day."—Kansas City Star.

### Snakes.

A snake that bolted a couple of rabbits on Christmas day, 1881, declined all food until January, 1884, though it remained in perfect health during this time. No snake can see anything distinctly at a distance equal to twice its own length, and its lidless eyes become opaque to blindness for some days preceding each casting of the skin. So says an English authority.

### A CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

Daniel-Daggett.

On Christmas day, 1895, by the Rev.

George Wallace, George Edward Daniel

was married to Miss Lillian Daggett.

Mr. G. E. Daniel is a native of Texas, and is of an old and highly respected Southern family. He is a bright, active, energetic business man, a young man of good habits and unblemished character, esteemed and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Miss Lillian Daggett, the bride, is a most charming young lady, active in all good work, a leader in the social life of our town, universally admired and beloved for her many graces, and the good qualities of her head and heart.

She is the youngest daughter of our honored and esteemed fellow townsmen, Mr. D. O. Dagget, a down-east Maine man, descended from ancestors who came over seas in the historic Mayflower, an old resident of this State, who by reason of his sterling qualities and sturdy Americanism has come to be known far and wide in this community as "Uncle Sam."

The wedding ceremony was performed at Grace Mission Chapel, on Grand avenue, at 2 o'clock p.m. in the presence of the relatives and a large assemblage of the friends of the bride and groom.

The chapel was very tastefully and artistically decorated. Miss Annie Goggin was bridesmaid, and Mr. Daniel Daily acted as best man.

The bride wore a dress of dove-colored broadcloth, trimmed with beaver, and a hat of the same color trimmed with blushing pink roses.

The groom was dressed in a suit of black, with Prince Albert coat and white tie.

The bridal party entered the chapel and marched up the aisle to the music of the wedding march, the bride upon the arm of her father, Mr. D. O. Dagget, and were met at the altar by the groom.

There the father gave his beloved daughter to the young groom, and in the impressive and beautiful language of the Episcopal ritual, the Rev. George Wallace joined the two young people in the bonds of holy wedlock, and the happy young couple, with countenances radiant and eyes bright with light of love, took upon themselves the solemn and sacred vows of husband and wife.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Dagget, and at 5 o'clock, amidst the hearty good wishes of friends, left for the new home Mr. Daniel has prepared for his young wife, at our neighboring town of Colma.

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco.

Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks,

All Repairing Attended to. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

## ELECTRIC :: LAUNDRY :: CO.,

215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. A. PETERSON,

Driver.

CALLING DAYS:  
Tuesdays and Fridays.

One second more, and almost as noiselessly he reached the ground, then quickly turned and raised the ladder, stepped with it to the edge of the roadway and peered around the angle as though to see that no sentry was in sight, then vanished with his burden around the corner. Another second, and down the steps went Chester, three at a bound, tiptoeing it in pursuit. Ten seconds brought him close to the culprit—a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!"

Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had clinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back



A lightning blow took the captain full in the chest.

upon the treacherous and entangling rungs, and ere he could recover himself the noiseless stranger had fairly whizzed into space and vanished in the darkness up the road. Chester sprang in pursuit. He heard the startled challenge of the sentry and then Leary's excited "Halt, I say! Halt!" and then he shouted:

"Fire on him, Leary! Bring him down!"

Bang! went the ready rifle with sharp, sultry roar that woke the echoes across the valley. Bang! again as Leary sent a second shot after the first. Then as the captain came panting to the spot they followed up the road. No sign of the runner. Attracted by the shots, the sergeant of the guard and one or two men, lantern bearing, came running to the scene. Excitedly they searched up and down the road in mingled hope and dread of finding the body of the man-racer or some clew or trace. Nothing! Whoever he was, the fleet runner had vanished and made good his escape.

"Who could it have been, sir?" asked the sergeant of the officer of the day. "Surely none of the men ever come round this way."

"I don't know, sergeant; I don't know. Just take your lamp and see if there is anything visible down there among the rocks. He may have been hit, Leary?"

"I can't say, sir. He came by me like a flash. I had just a second's look at him, an—sure I never saw such runnin'!"

"Could you see his face?" asked Chester in a low tone as the other men moved away to search the rocks.

"Not his face, sir. 'Twas too dark."

"Was there—did he look like anybody you knew or had seen—anybody in the command?"

"Well, sir, not among the men—that is, there's none so tall and slim both as so light. Sure he must 'a' worn gums, sir. You couldn't hear the whisper of a footfall."

"But whom did he seem to resemble?"

"Well, if the captain will forgive me, sir, it's unwillin' I am to say the word, but there's no one that tall and light an slim here, sir, but Loot'nant Jerrold. Sure it couldn't be him, sir."

"Leary, will you promise me something on your word as a man?"

"I will, sir."

"Say not one word of this matter to any one except I tell you or you have to before a court."

"I promise, sir."

"And I believe you. Tell the sergeant I will soon be back."

With that he turned and walked down the road until once more he came to the plank crossing and the passageway between the colonel's and bachelors' row. Here again he stopped short and waited with bated breath and scarcely bearing heart. The faint light he had seen before again illuminated the room and cast its gleam upon the old gray wall. Even as he gazed there came silently to the window a tall, white robed form, and a slender white hand seized and lowered the shade noiselessly. Then, as before, the light faded away, but—she was awake.

Waiting one moment in silence, Captain Chester then sprang up the wooden steps and passed under the piazza which ran the length of the bachelor quarters. Half way down the row he turned sharply to his left, opened the green painted door and stood in a little dark hallway. Taking his matchbox from his pocket, he struck a light, and by its glare quickly read the card upon the first doorway to his right, "Mr. Howard F. Jerrold, —th Infantry, U. S. A."

Opening this door, he bolted straight through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruled, untouched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there.

Five minutes afterward Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he had first stumbled upon it, then returned to the searching party on No. 5.

"Send two men to put that ladder back," he ordered. "It is where I told

you—on the road behind the colonel's."

### CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley in May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call she had with motherly pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities and shown to one party after another an album of photographs—likenesses of her only daughter. There were little cartes de visite representing her in long dresses and baby caps; quaint little pictures of a chubby faced, chubby legged infant a few months older; charming studies of a little girl with great black eyes and delicate features; then of a tall, slender slip of a maiden, decidedly foreign looking; then of a sweet and pensive face, with great dark eyes, long, beautiful curling lashes and very heavy, low arched brows, exquisitely molded mouth and chin and most luxuriant dark hair; then others, still older, in every variety of dress, even in fancy costume, such as the girl had worn at fair or masquerade.

These and others still had Mrs. Maynard shown them, with repressed pride and pleasure, and with sweet acknowledgment of their enthusiastic praises. Alice still tarried in the east, visiting relatives whom she had not seen since her father's death three years earlier, and long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the life she so eagerly looked forward to—"way out in the west, you know, with officers and soldiers and the band and buffalo and Indians all around you"—there was not an officer or an officer's wife who had not delightedly examined that album. There was still another picture, but that one had been shown to only a chosen few just one week after her daughter's arrival, and rather an absurd scene had occurred, in which that most estimable officer, Lieutenant Sloat, had figured as the hero. A more simple minded, well intentioned fellow than Sloat there did not live. He was so full of kindness and good nature and readiness to do anything for anybody that it never seemed to occur to him that everybody on earth was not just as ready to be equally accommodating. He was a perpetual source of delight to the colonel and one of the most loyal and devoted of subalterns, despite the fact that his locks were long silvered with the frosts of years and that he had fought through the war of the rebellion and risen to the rank of a field officer in Maynard's old brigade. The most temperate of men ordinarily, the colonel had one anniversary he loved to celebrate, and Sloat was his standby when the 3d of July came round, just as he had been at his shoulder at that supreme moment when, heedless of the fearful sweep of shell and canister through their shattered ranks, Pickett's heroic Virginians breasted the slope of Cemetery Hill and surged over the low stone wall into Cushing's guns. Hard, stubborn fighting had Maynard's men to do that day, and for serene courage and determination no man had beaten Sloat.

Both officers had bullet hole mementos to carry from that field, both had won their brevets for conspicuous gallantry, and Sloat was a happy and grateful man when, years afterward, his old commander secured him a lieutenancy in the regular service. He was the colonel's bachelorman, although he never had brains enough to win a place on the regimental staff, and when Mrs. Maynard came he overwhelmed her with cumbersome compliments and incessant calls. He was, to his confident belief, her chosen and accepted knight for full two days after her arrival. Then Jerrold came back from a brief absence, and as in duty bound went to pay his respects to his colonel's wife, and that night there had been a singular scene. Mrs. Maynard had stopped suddenly in her laughing chat with two ladies, had started from her seat, wildly staring at the tall, slender subaltern who entered the gateway, and then fell back in her chair, fairly swooning as he made his bow.

"Nonsense, Major Sloat!" said Mrs. Maynard, laughing, yet far from being at her ease. "Come, I must take it back. "Never!" said Sloat, with melodramatic intensity. "Never! This is my ideal of perfection in woman. I will bear it home with me set it above my fireside and adore it day and night."

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## WAITING FOR THE BOYS TO GROW.

Mother, in the cottage yonder,  
Why into the future wander,  
Wishing for your boys to grow?  
Childhood love is better, purer,  
Of them you are ever surer,  
Ere into the world they go.

While unto your voice they hearken,  
Never a shade they'll cause to darken  
Your young motherhood's bright sky.  
Take, each hour, its store of pleasures  
Sure love's choicest, richest treasures  
Round your babies' childhood lie.

Wait not for the days you're planning,  
All bright omens ever scanning,  
Dreaming day dreams for your boys.  
Others, too, have lost life's sweethearts,  
Lost their hopes in full completeness,  
All by wasting present joys.

Future's oft a strange undoing  
On the morrow when we're viewing,  
The "king" castles in the air.  
So, fond mother, can your yearning,  
Taste the sweets you now are savoring,  
While your babes are free from care.

—Hugh Adair in *Good Housekeeping*.

## ON THE PAYSTREAK.

Rodolfo was kneeling beside the door of a little jacal on the western slope of the San Ysidro mountains, pounding soap. That may seem a curious occupation, but here in New Mexico, nine-tenths of the people have to pound their soap—the fat root of the palmilla (a sort of aloe), whose fibrous substance they crush to pulp for use in tub or basin. This curious natural soap is called amole, and an excellent article it is. The poor little jacal—a roofed palisade of pinon trunks, chinked and covered with adobe mud—looked as if it were like to contain very little worthy of washing, but the amole and a huge copper caldron simmering over a fire of chips indicated plainly that there was something to scrub.

Just then a brown, thin-faced woman stood in the low doorway holding in her arms a curious, brilliant robe like a blanket. Strangely enough, the most beautiful and the most durable blankets in the world are made, not in civilized looms, but by half savage Indians with no better appliances than a rude combination of sticks and cords suspended from the branch of a tree. This one was of the best Navajo make—a blanket of crimson bollotta, with blue and white lightnings playing across it; a blanket which it required solid twelve miles to weave, and in which one could carry water as in a bag of rubber.

"Is the amole ready?" asked Maria. "Ay de mi! My heart is heavy for the serape that Don Francisco gave to thy father. That only we have saved when all was lost, and now it, too, has to be sold. Last year the governor in Santa Fe offered 150 pesos (dollars) for it, and now when it is washed thou shalt take it thither to see if it still will buy. Lastima! It is the last we have of thy father, and—ay? Ie tienes?"

For Rodolfo had jumped to his feet with a loud cry. "Mira, nana!" (look mother) he said, laying something in her palm. It was a wee, yellow scale, not so broad as Rodolfo's little finger nail, nor quite so thick. But how heavy it was! And what a color—that exquisite waxy luster of the gold of the New Placers.

"Oro grande!" (coarse gold) cried Maria, her big, tired eyes lighting up. "Where didst thou find it?"

"Pounding this last big piece of amole, nana, I found it in an elbow of the root. Spare, till I pan the dirt—perhaps there is more."

In a moment he was out of the house again with a big wooden bowl; carefully scooping up the few handfuls of sandy earth fallen from the pile of roots, he put it in the bowl and poured on water from an olla (earthen jar) till the bowl was nearly full. Grasping it by the edges he gave it a slow, tilting, rotary motion. Directly the water began to run around and around in a miniature whirlpool, and the sand began to follow its current slowly. Now and then Rodolfo stopped to run his hands through the sand and loosen it up; and again set it to revolving—for he had learned to pan out gold as well as any one when he and his father used to work side by side in the placers at Dolores. Now the poor old man—never fully recovered from that last awful wound received in a fight with the Apaches—was dead, and they were very poor. There was no more money to be made in the placers, for it was too expensive to haul water for washing that washed out gravel, and the beautiful serape must be sold or their poor little home would be taken from them.

When the sand was thoroughly wet up Rodolfo began to give the bowl a stronger motion sideways, till it seemed as though he would spill the whole contents. A lot of water and sand splashed out from side to side, till presently there was left but a handful in the bottom of the bowl. As he kept rotating it more slowly and gently this drew out in a thin semicircle at the bottom of the bowl, as far from the center as it could get—a sandy procession in which the usual parade order of the dignitaries was quite reversed. For ahead of all was the worthless, unstable, reddish sand; at its heels the black iron dust which always is found in very rich company, and lagging at the rear of all came a few wee, yellow flecks no bigger than a pinhead.

"Perol!" cried Rodolfo to his mother, who was kneeling beside him, "it is very rich! There will be cuatro reales (fifty cents) from so little dirt!"

Now he was holding the bowl so tilted that the water had all run out; and the "procession," trying to follow it, was headed down to the very edge, where some of the foremost sand fell off. Dipping his hand in the olla, Rodolfo dropped a very little water upon the sand, to accelerate its exit. Then he tipped the bowl back to a level, and poured in a fresh dipper of water. A little more gentle rotating and the procession was formed again, smaller than before, but in the same order. Again he ran off the foremost sand; and so, over and over, working more daintily all the time, till not a bit of sand was left, and but little of the iron dust. Only a short black patch of the latter remained, guarding the precious yellow at its back—from the impalpable golden

"flour" that was nearest, and even mingled with it, back to fat little flakes. His mother had brought out a small bottle; and pushing out all the black dust he could with a deft forefinger, he tipped the edge of the bowl to the bottle's mouth, and with a tiny stream from his fingers, coaxed the gold slowly into its new home. "Que rico!" cried Rodolfo, holding the bottle away from him with a critical closing of one eye. "It is a better prospect than I have seen in the New Placers. Such dirt ought to pay five pesos the day—or more, if one can find the paystreak. And I know just where I dug the biggest

palmilla, for I noticed it had so fat a root, and there I am going this very now. Perchance thou wilt not have to sell the serape, nana—only wait me, till I see if we do not find much gold!"

For six days the old jacal saw very little of Rodolfo. Exactly where he had pried out the root of the big palmilla was now a square hole nearly four feet across and eighteen feet deep. It was on the bank of the little dry stream bed at the bottom of the big arroyo. At each side of the shaft a stout young pinon trunk, with a fork at the top, was driven firmly into the ground, and across these two forks lay his primitive windlass—an other pinon trunk with a stout oblique branch left at one end for a crank. A strong rope was on the windlass, and at its lower end dangled a stout rung to be passed through the handles of the curious bucket grissack of rawhide. Thus far he had worked alone, and very tiresome work it was, loosening with his pick that jumble of gravel and rocks which the swift turbulence of summer torrents had packed and repacked in the narrow gorge, and lifting it out by the bucketful.

As the hole grew deeper he had to swing down by his rope, fill the rawhide sack with gravel, climb the rope again hand over hand, and laboriously windlass the heavy load to the surface and empty it upon the dump. And now the bottom of the shaft was at bedrock—the smoothish, sloping blanket of porphyry, coated with a peculiar gray cement which underlies all that great plateau. Soon he would know if all that digging and hoisting had been in vain. As he started for home that evening his tattered coat pulled heavy on blistered hands—for in it he was carrying a load of the very last gravel, which he had carefully brushed up from the bedrock. There was no water in the arroyo, and to pan his dirt he must carry it home or bring water two miles to the shaft.

"Ya sa acabó!" (now it's done) he cried gayly to his mother, dropping the heavy load from his aching shoulders. "And tomorrow I begin to drift for the paystreak. But now I will pan this dirt before the sun goes and see if it be good."

Five times he panned out the bowl full of that shabby looking gravel, and each time the tiny patch of wet gold-dust which he pushed out upon a smooth stone was swelled a little. And in the last pan was a small, waterworn lump, which came very near escaping with the first coarse pebbles—a nugget of fully two dollars, at which the tired mother wept for joy, while Rodolfo danced about her, crying:

"Ay, nana! Already there is like four pesos! Very soon we will be rich ones!"

The sun was not nearly up the farther side of the Oroque peaks on the morrow when Rodolfo and his mother were trudging away toward the arroyo, driving a patient burro borrowed from Cousin Pablo. Poor Flojo had a very uncomfortable load; for two big kegs of water were balanced in opposite ends of a woolsack across the queer little pack saddle, and bumped his either side. Rodolfo carried on his head a rude "rocker," hastily made from a box, and in his hands a heavy, double pointed steel bar. His mother brought the wooden bowl, and on her head a large olla full of water was confidently poised. The time had come when both must work, and little Chona would have to care for the young babies at home through the day.

In the earth near his shaft Rodolfo had dug a basin five feet long and three feet wide and lined it with tight packed clay, so that the precious water might not be wasted. At the upper end was laid a big flat slab of sandstone from the ledge in the side of the arroyo, and on this "foundation" he set his rocker. It was merely a stout box with one end knocked out, two rude wooden rockers like those of an old fashioned cradle under it, a strong handle nailed to one side, and fitting into its top a small square box with a bottom of coarse wire screen. Under this screen was a canvas apron nailed to a frame and sloping backward. The rocker itself panted forward, and across its sloping bottom were nailed cleats a few inches apart.

Flojo was soon relieved and turned out to graze, his forefoot hobbled with little rawhide handcuffs, that he might not stray too far. The rocker itself was set up ready for work and beside it a keg of water with a gourd dipper.

Dropping his heavy bar down the shaft—for the pick would be of no use in the close quarters in which he was now to work—and tossing after it a tin basin, which would be handier than a shovel, Rodolfo grasped the rope and slid lightly down.

Taking the steel bar in both hands he began to jab it against the close packed gravel on the up stream side of the shaft. Prying out first the bigger stones to a height of two feet above bedrock, and then the coarse gravel, he soon had started a tiny tunnel some two feet in diameter. As fast as he filled the rawhide bucket he dragged it out to the center of the shaft and passed the cross-stick on the rope through the rawhide supports and had fallen and closed his burrow. He was buried alive! With trembling fingers he felt across its cold, smooth surface. Another boulder had followed it from above and filled its place so that he could not dig out above it, and to try would cause a cave-in that would crush him.

It was noon by the overhead sun Rodolfo came up on the rope and they ate their scant dinner of tortillas (cakes of unleavened dough cooked on a hot, flat stone) and water. There was half a yard of gravel beside the rocker (auriferous gravel averages about a ton to the

cubic yard and "a yard of gravel" is a good day's work for one person). Truly, they had worked very well. But were they on the paystreak? That was what Rodolfo was very anxious to know—for the gold that comes swirling down the stream from the mother veins in the mountains acts precisely as it acted in Rodolfo's wooden bowl. It is not distributed at random throughout that vast volume of accompanying rocks and sand, but trails along in reluctant file in the line of the strongest current, and being heavier according to its bulk than any of its companions, it keeps sinking down and down till the great sheet of bedrock will let it sink no deeper. And when the rains are over and the raging torrent becomes but a dry wash of sand and boulders—for there are very few perennial streams in the gold regions of the southwest—the cunning yellow fugitives lie still there, never to change places until some great freshet shall scour the bedrock bare, or some prying hand finds their hiding place. So, even if the miner drop his shaft squarely upon the paystreak, he does not know which way to follow it, but must be panning out sample gravel every little while and running his drift to one side or the other according to what the pan tells him.

Rodolfo could scarcely wait to swallow the last of his tough tortilla. Washing down with a hasty pull from the keg, he shoveled the screen box full of gravel, and taking the upright handle with both hands began to sway the heavy rocker from side to side while his mother poured on water from the gourd. The fine sand rapidly melted down through the screen and went jolting down the canvas apron to the back end of the rocker, where it fell to the wooden bottom, turned and began to wander forward to the open front end. When the screen was washed clear of sand Maria lifted it out, clawed over the glistening pebbles to make sure that there was no coarse nuggets among them, and flung them out, filling the screen with fresh gravel and wetting it down as before, while Rodolfo kept on rocking. Time and again the screen was emptied and refilled, and all the while the rocking and the pouring of water continued. The sloping bottom of the rocker was full of sand—at the lower end an inch deep—and this sheet of sand, shaken by the motion and coaxed by the water, kept creeping over the last rifle cleat and falling into the clay lined reservoir, from which Maria was now dipping back the water instead of from the nearly empty keg.

The afternoon shadows were deep in the round hollows of the mighty Sandias when Rodolfo rose from beside the rocker, emptied the screen and straightened his stiff legs.

"Now for a clean up, nana!" he said. She poured in a gentle stream upon the apron while he rocked; and, as there was now no new sand rolling down, that on the apron and on the bottom of the rocker began to work rapidly forward, and in a few minutes there remained only a little sand caught in the angle behind each rifle. Rodolfo whittled out a smooth, thin stick with a square end, and carefully scraped the wet sand into his bowl, scraping out every grain from the cracks, and proceeded to pan it out. But now, instead of a few handfuls of random dirt, the bowl held the concentrated richness of half a ton of gravel from bedrock. That was the beauty of the rocker—it would have taken four times as long to "work" that pile of gravel with the pan; the rocker did the heavy work in short order, and left only the finishing touches for the pan.

And now, when Rodolfo had got rid of most of the sand and began to "draw" what was left at the bottom of the bowl, there was a sight for four dark, glistening eyes. As the unstable sand drifted forward and forward it uncovered more and more of a rich, deliberate bank of yellow, till Rodolfo's trembling fingers scarce could hold up that precious pan from spilling, and excited tears ran down Maria's thin cheeks. When at last he had guided the gold safely into the bottle he laid his face to hers and said in a voice which was tremulous, but strangely sweet:

"It is well, nana! The governor cannot have the serape that was my father's. And now let us go home."

The days went on, and the yellow dust in the bottle had grown half way to the top. Here and there in it were little rounded nuggets and waxy flakes, which Rodolfo loved to shake up. There was a whole sack of flour now in the jacal and a bushel of frijoles (Mexican beans). Every day Flojo—who had been bought with one fat nugget—"packed" his load of water to the arroyo; and every day Rodolfo and his mother worked on the gravel he sent up. And sliding down the harsh rope, with burned and failing fingers, she fell in a heap to the bottom.

When Rodolfo opened his eyes the little hole above his face had grown larger, and slender, bleeding fingers were tearing at its rough sides. Faintly at first, but with growing strength, he hammered with his stone from within, until at last he squeezed through the narrow opening and crawled with his fainting mother to daylight at the bottom of the shaft.

It was late at night when the boy was strong enough to climb the rope and shiver his mother up, and for many days both lay helpless and fevered in the little jacal, cared for by kindly vecinos from Dolores.

But both got well at last, and Rodolfo went back to work in his placer claim, which quite filled the bottle and many others like it in course of time. But that blessed pothole which had saved his life was what really made him a rich man for that poor country. It had been a fight with the Apaches—was dead, and they were very poor. There was no more money to be made in the placers, for it was too expensive to haul water for washing that washed out gravel, and the beautiful serape must be sold or their poor little home would be taken from them.

When the sand was thoroughly wet up Rodolfo began to give the bowl a stronger motion sideways, till it seemed as though he would spill the whole contents. A lot of water and sand splashed out from side to side, till presently there was left but a handful in the bottom of the bowl. As he kept rotating it more slowly and gently this drew out in a thin semicircle at the bottom of the bowl, as far from the center as it could get—a sandy procession in which the usual parade order of the dignitaries was quite reversed. For ahead of all was the worthless, unstable, reddish sand; at its heels the black iron dust which always is found in very rich company, and lagging at the rear of all came a few wee, yellow flecks no bigger than a pinhead.

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but in the veins of this slender, dark boy ran blood of that old blue of Spain that conquered and opened this new world to the old. He would not die like a coward—he would try.

He crawled back and got his bar and candle and brought them to the bowler door of his prison and began to try the surrounding earth with cautious punchings. But the fall of the great rock had so loosened all the soil that it was sure to cave as soon as he should attempt to dig through it. In his desperation he even tried if he could not pry the great rock forward and in time clear out into the shaft, but a dozen men could scarce have budged that ton of porphyry.

Still he thrust his steel lever into the earth at either side and shoved on the bowler, and suddenly the bar "gave" downward, as if he had driven it a foot into the solid bedrock! Startled and mystified, he began to probe the yielding spot, and in a moment gave a great cry of newborn hope. How strange the chance upon which a life may hang! In all the thirty feet of bedrock he had cleared up, there was not a hollow; but right here, its edge an inch from where he had dug, was a "pocket" of unknown size. Some bowler, caught in the eddies of forgotten centuries, had rolled around and around in this one spot till it ground for itself a basin in the stubborn bedrock. The grinding rock was there now—he could feel with his bar its rounded side amid the fine sand with which the hole had filled before the stream built that torrent pile above and lifted its own bed by nearly twenty feet. The pothole lay partly under one end of the fallen bowler, so that he could dig in it without danger of a serious cave-in. If it was deep enough and wide enough!

He drove the bar fiercely into the hard gravel, he pried away the stones and scooped out the sand with fingers that bled to their gentle touch. In a moment he had cleared a place large enough to let him at the buried pothole. Laying aside the heavy bar, he began to claw out the sand with frantic hands and throw it back between his legs like a rabbit burrowing. Now and then a loosened stone from the roof gave him a cruel pull on the head or back, but he hardly noticed it. The candle was burning very faintly now, and his breath grew short and thick. The scant air of his prison was fast becoming a deadly poison. Even if the pothole were big enough, could he keep breath to burrow through? He was down in the pothole now, right under the fallen bowler. The round stone which had worn that blessed pit was too heavy to be lifted out, but he had half a yard between it and the bowler above, and that was room enough.

At last his hand, burrowing forward, came to a polished concave surface. It was the farther side of the pothole! He scooped away the sand with vigorous energy until he could feel all along that strange, bowl-like wall, and in an agony of doubt lifted his hands to see what was above. They touched something hard and smooth and convex, and he shrieked aloud. It was the great bowler—it covered the farther side of the great pothole, and he would never get out! But no! It is a smaller rock—and there is another wedged beside it, and another! The pothole opens out beyond the prison boulder!

He crawled back for his bar, but it was too long to be turned up in that passage under the great rock. His strength was almost gone. His head swam and a strange whirr was in his ears. To die after all, with dear life so near! He caught up a smooth stone that had fallen in the drift, and lying upon his back in the pothole began to hammer desperately overhead, cracking off rocky splinters that filled his eyes, crushing his fingers blindly, working stupidly, as one half asleep.

And then a round stone as big as his head fell and barely missed his face, and that let loose another and there came a shower of sand and that sweetest thing in all the world, the fresh air of heaven—and Rodolfo knew no more.

"Perol! What keeps Rodolfo so long?" muttered Maria anxiously, "for I was at home much time, and not yet has he filled the bucket to send up. Rodolfo! Little son!" And she leaned over the shaft, calling shrilly again and again.

"May the holiest mother help me," she murmured, catching the rope and shivering, "for it is very deep. But I must see what has come to my boy." And sliding down the harsh rope, with burned and failing fingers, she fell in a heap to the bottom.

When Rodolfo opened his eyes the little hole above his face had grown larger, and slender, bleeding fingers were tearing at its rough sides. Faintly at first, but with growing strength, he hammered with his stone from within, until at last he squeezed through the narrow opening and crawled with his fainting mother to daylight at the bottom of the shaft.

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## ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

### Some Peculiarities That Struck a Recent American Visitor.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

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There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

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An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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